Def. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Lest being like one of heauen, the deuills themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd;
Sweare thou art honest.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue lost him,
Why I haue lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing finger at—oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there, where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Def. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art so louely faire?
Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sence akes at thee,

Would

Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.
Def. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?
Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore vpon?—What committed?
Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;
I should make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to cinders burne vp modestie,
Did I but speake thy deeds: what committed?
Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winkes;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush't within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent strumpet.
Def. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I shall be saued.
Oth. Ist possible?
Def. O heauen forgiue vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*, *Enter* Emilia.
That married with *Othello*: You mistrisse,
That haue the office opposite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;
We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue:
How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady:
Def. Faith halfe a sleepe.
Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emilia*,